

See Next Society

MORNING

SATURDAY VISITOR.

E. CAMERON & L. J. RITCHEY.]

Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain,

Unaw'd by influence, unbribed by gain,

[EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.]

VOL. IV

CITY OF WARSAW, MISSOURI, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7, 1848.

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(ENTRANCE FROM THE PUBLIC SQUARE.)

TERMS:

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Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions required, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisers by the year will be confined strictly to their business.

Candidates announced for \$3 00.

POETICAL.



SWEET VISITERS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

My mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healing on the wings of sleep,
Or dew on the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer,
While pleasure's pulses madly fly;
But in the still unbroken air
Her gentle tones come stealing by,
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

The book of nature and its print,
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give still to me some lineament
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness has drunk up tears,
And there's a mildew in the lapse
Of a few miserable years;
But nature's book is even yet
With all my mother's lessons writ.

I have been out at eventide,
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was furnished like a bird
And night had on her silver wing—
When bursting buds and growing grass,
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that makes the pulses pass
With wild fleetness thronged the night.

When all was beauty, then have I,
With friends on whom my love is flung,
Like myrrh on wings of Araby,
Gazed up where evening's lamp was hung.

Aid when the beautiful spirit there
Flung over all its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air,
Like the light dropping of the rain,
And, resting on some silver star,
The spirit of a benighted knee,
I've poured a deep and fervent prayer
That our eternity might be—
To rise in heaven, like stars at night,
And tread a living path of light.

The following confab took place at
somebody's office:

"I say, Ned, did you collect that bill?"
"Which one, sir?" "The one against
Mr. Goer." "No sir, I didn't collect it;
cause why—he's not Mr. Goer." "What
do you mean?" "Why, you see, sir, Mr.
Goer left yesterday—and now he's Mr.
Go-er."

"Bobby, my love," said a silly mother
to her darling, whom she crammed with
tarts and other things, "can you eat any
more?"

"Why, yes, mamma," was the young
hopeful's hesitating reply, "I think I could,
if I stood up."

A Tennessee editor pertinently remarks
that a liberal use of the rod, is the only
way to make boys smart.

A boy wanted to know the other day
from his grandmother, "whether Penn-
sylvania was the father of all the other
States, seeing it was always called Pa-
on letters."

Nothing is more characteristic of a
vacant and ill-regulated mind, than the
propensity to meddle with the private
concerns of others. Surely every account-
able being has enough of personal duties to
perform, and of faults to amend, to leave
no time to waste in idle gossip, or ill-man-
nered impertinence.

From Holden's Dollar Magazine.
THE MYSTERIOUS
HUNTSMAN.

A TALE OF ILLINOIS.

BY PAUL CRYSTON.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER IV.

The Interview and the Fatal Messenger.

In an hour the hunter was in the pres-
ence of Ellen Austin. The two went
forth and wandered along the banks of the
Des Plaines.

"Ellen," said Clinton, "do you know why
I wished to speak with you—why I have
led you hither?"

"No—but you are pale, very pale!"
"Well, might I be pale, for this night I
have committed a horrible deed. Ellen, I
have had a quarrel—a foolish quarrel, and
I have slain a man."

"Clinton!" shrieked the poor girl, faint-
ing in his arms—Heavens! what do you
say?"

"I fear I have killed him, and I am come
to bid you farewell. You know the pen-
alty."

And Clinton stooped to bathe the brow
of the fainting Ellen in the water.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, reviving, "you are,
then—a—"

"A murderer, perhaps," interrupted
Clinton. "But it was not my fault alto-
gether; he provoked the duel."

"A duel—did you say a duel?"

Yes; he insulted me, and the conse-
quences followed."

"Oh! you are not then a murderer?"

"The world will not regard me as such,
Ellen; but if you do not, I am contented.
But yet, dear Ellen, we must part. I
will escape to St. Louis; whither, if you
love me—"

"Oh, Clinton!"

"You will not hesitate to follow in time.
Your father will accompany you, for he is
a man of honor, and will understand my
position. But now let us return to the
house, for I must away."

Clinton pressed her to his heart, and
then led, or rather carried her to her fa-
ther's house.

"Farewell!" he murmured, when they
were near the door.

"Oh! must we part?" sighed Ellen.

In a burst of tenderness, Clinton clasped
her to his bosom.

At that moment a horseman rode fur-
iously by them and thundered at the door.
The two were concealed in the shadow of
the house, but they heard and saw all that
passed.

"What can be the matter?" murmured
Ellen.

"Wait a moment and we will see."

Ellen's father appeared at the door.

"Does Mr. Austin live here?" cried the
horseman.

"I am he."

"Mr. Austin, I am come to inform you
that a young man at the White Rabbit Inn,
calling himself your son, has fought a duel
and is now lying at the point of death."

"God of mercy!" exclaimed the old man,
rushing into the house.

"Clinton, Clinton!" sobbed Ellen, "you
have killed my brother!"

The girl fainting; the hunter clasped
her in his arms, bore her into the house,
imprinted a last kiss upon her ashy lips,
and rushed wildly from the presence of
her astonished parents.

At midnight, when the stars looked cold-
ly down upon the earth, and no sound was
heard save the hum of insects and the
howl of the prairie wolf, Clinton was wan-
dering over the earth, a fugitive crushed
with remorse and vain regrets.

CHAPTER V.

The Recovery.

Mr. Austin hastened to the inn where
lay his wounded son; wounded we say,
for Frederick was not dead. Stretched
out upon a bed of agony, the anxious fa-
ther found him, and thanked heaven that
he was still alive.

"You are severely hurt," said Mr. Aus-
tin, pressing his hand while tears gather-
ed in his eyes.

"A slight wound—a mere trifle," re-
plied Frederick; and a faint smile played
upon his lips.

The surgeon arrived; the wound was
pronounced exceedingly dangerous, but
not mortal. The old man wept for joy.

On the following morning, Mrs. Austin
and Ellen went to visit Frederick. The
poor girl had scarcely recovered from the
shock of the preceding night, but anxiety
for her brother bore her up. She had not
yet dared to confess to her parents who
was the antagonist of their son, nor could
she realize the fearful truth herself.

The travellers left the inn, but the land-
lord gave a full relation of the duel, con-
cealing only the name of Clinton. On the
arrival of Ellen and her mother, howev-
er, he changed his resolution and reveal-

ed the whole. At the name of Clinton,
Austin started.

"Ah! that explains his conduct of last
night," he cried.

"He has fled," said Ellen, covering her
face with her hands.

"And it is well," exclaimed her father,
sternly.

For three weeks, Frederick Austin was
unable to leave the inn; but at the end of
that time, he was sufficiently recovered to
be transported to his father's house.

Still Ellen heard nothing of her absent
lover. Her anxiety and grief at his ab-
sence was equalled only by her joy to
think that he was not the murderer of her
brother. To him, Ellen told all her heart;
and when she related many acts of gen-
erosity in Clinton, Frederick, who knew
by experience that he was brave, openly
approved of her choice, and while he for-
gave his former antagonist, regretted ex-
ceedingly that he had fled where none
pursued.

Frederick was soon able to walk about;
he and his sister then took short strolls
upon the prairie and along the river banks,
and ended by prolonging gradually their
walks. When the young man had regain-
ed his strength, he either went forth alone
with his dog and gun, or accompanied by
his sister, made short excursions on horse-
back. It is needless to say that Ellen, like
a true maid of the prairie, rode with the
utmost grace and ease.

Frederick, notwithstanding the arro-
gance of which we have seen him guilty,
was naturally of a pleasing disposition,
generous and obliging. His love of sa-
ture and fun sometimes carried him to ex-
tremes, and his self-will bordered on inso-
lence; but he had changed somewhat since
his recovery, which fact was owing per-
haps, to the lesson Clinton had taught him
at the inn, and the fatal consequences of
his presumption.

Two months passed by, and still no
news from Clinton Grover reached the ear
of the anxious Ellen.

Summer was gone, and autumn, with
its chilling frosts, had robed the prairie
of its robe of green. The leaves of the
forest had fallen to the ground, and the
prairie grass had become withered and
sere.

It was on one of those days when the
melancholy of autumn is joined to the
beauty of summer, that Frederick and his
sister rode forth upon the prairie, and ex-
cited by the fresh prairie breeze, uncon-
sciously proceeded several miles from
home.

They were upon the broad prairie which
extended far away on every side, undulat-
ing and beautiful, although covered with
dry and withered grass.

The sun went down before they thought
to return; but as evening approached,
and the silent prairie became clothed in
gloom, they paused with one consent and
turned their horses homeward.

They now galloped on at a rapid pace;
but night came, and they were still far
from home.

Night, but not darkness. Behind them,
far away on the prairie, a broad gleam of
light appeared—quivering intense.

The prairie was on fire!

"Heavens!" exclaimed Frederick, "look!"

"The fire!" cried Ellen.

"Yes—the prairie is burning! forward,
or we are lost!"

The steeds needed no urging—they
bounded away as if conscious of the dan-
ger.

The breeze freshened, and the dry grass
was consumed like powder in the flames
which swept along the earth.

Onward, onward dashed the steeds,
bearing their riders swiftly over the prairie;
but the flames were behind them,
more swift, more furious than they.

Onward, onward still they flew; but
the deer bounded by them in their flight,
and the fluttering of wings over their
heads, told that the birds of the air were
more swift than they.

Trembling with fear, Ellen lashed her
steed, and kept close to her brother's side.
Oh! that was a wild spectacle—the prairie
illuminated by the fierce glare of light,
the raging flames, and the cloud of black
and dismal smoke, which gave to the can-
opy of heaven a fearful tint of gloom.

Onward dashed the steeds, but the winds
were swifter than they; and the flames
were on the wings of the wind. Already
the hot breath of the conflagration swept
over them like the Simoom of the desert.

All behind them was a fierce glare of
light; all before them was darkness and
gloom. Suddenly a faint light was seen
upon a distant hill—like a torch held by
the hand of man—and it approached wav-
ing to and fro. At last the form of its
bearer was indistinctly visible.

"Faster!" cried Frederick, "and we are
saved! Heavens! the flames are gaining
on us still—faster—faster!"

But to increase their speed was impos-
sible. The crackling flames were already
upon them, when the torch which they

had seen, approaching was suddenly plun-
ged into the grass a hundred rods before
them.

In a moment the flame shot upward,
and the form of the stranger was still seen
holding the flaming torch. Frederick and
Ellen were between two fires, but the one
was fleeing before them, while the other
was close—close upon their backs.

They saw the form of the stranger already upon
the black space which the foremost fire
had left, and terrible was their struggle
to reach it before overtaken by the flames
behind. The smoke rolled over them—the
swift flames were already beneath the
hoofs of their steeds—they were blinded,
suffocated, burned—but they were saved!

The fire before them swept onward—
onward—leaving in its track the earth all
churned and bare. The flames behind di-
ed away at the point where the stranger
had plunged his torch in the grass, or
swept around them in a broad circle—a
circle of raging fire.

Arrived on the black space of ground,
the jaded horses staggered and fell exhaus-
ted to the earth. Ellen uttered a cry of
alarm as her animal reeled beneath her,
but as she fell, the stranger—the savior—
caught her in his arms. Feeling her-
self thrown headlong to the ground, she
had closed her eyes; but now she opened
them, and they fell upon the countenance
of the stranger.

"Clinton!" she exclaimed, and fainted in
his arms.

"Ellen! is it indeed you?" murmured
the hunter, clasping her to his bosom.—
"Thank God!" thank God!"

"Thank God!" echoed Frederick, "you
have saved our lives."

CHAPTER VI.

Conclusion.

Upon hearing a voice behind him, Clin-
ton looked around. By the glare of the
flames, the two young men recognized
each other.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the hunter, "what
do I see?"

"Your friend," cried Frederick, grasp-
ing him by the hand.

"Whom I supposed dead—dead by my
hand!" murmured Clinton. "Ah! what
joy!"

"Indeed what joy!" echoed Ellen, a faint
smile playing upon her lips.

When the excitement and surprise were
over, Clinton told his history since the fa-
tal meeting between him and Ellen's bro-
ther; supposing that Frederick was dead,
and fearing not only the law, but also the
hatred of Ellen, he had roamed for weeks
over the prairie, spending but little of his
time in the towns. At last he became ti-
red of such a life, and resolved to return
to the Des Plaines and learn whether he
was really the object of hatred he suppo-
sed. For several days he lingered about
his old home, not daring to discover him-
self to even his former friends. On the
night in question, he sought refuge in the
house of a squatter, who had taken up his
abode far out upon the prairie. He saw
the fire; he waited for it to approach,
when he beheld the forms of two persons
on horseback between him and the flames.

The squatter's house was safe, for it was
surrounded by furrowed ground, so that it
was impossible for the fire to reach it;
but Clinton remained not there. He seized
a torch and rushing into the midst of
the danger, saved the lives of Frederick
and his sister.

This recital ended, the three returned
to the squatter's hut, Frederick leading
the horses, and Ellen leaning upon her lo-
ver's arm.

On the following morning they returned
to the Des Plaines, which was distant
some half dozen miles, and rejoiced the
hearts of Mr. Austin and his wife, who
had supposed them lost.

Four weeks from that time, the popula-
tion on the River Des Plaines, for several
miles around, was gathered together at
the village church, to witness an imposing
ceremony. It was the marriage of Clin-
ton and Ellen. The two antagonists of
the White Rabbit became brothers; it is
needless to state that their quarrel was
never renewed.

"And now," said Ellen, "I beg to know
your history, Clinton. I have never ques-
tioned you on that point before, but loved
you for what you were, not what you might
have been."

"You shall be satisfied," returned her
husband; "in a few words I will tell you
my history."

"I have no family. My mother died
when I was very young. I then had a
father and a sister left. Five years ago,
my father died of grief. Would you know
the cause? It was my sister's dishonor! A
villain from Philadelphia, near which
city we lived, won her heart. She fell.
She, too, died in consequence of her error.
But her betrayal did not escape! I sought
him out—we met! We fought with pis-
tols—a bullet pierced his breast!"

"I left my property, which is consid-
erable, in the hands of a friend, and fled

with a little ready money to the west.—
Here I have lived ever since—self-exiled
from a place which shame, not the law,
forced me to leave. Some have regarded
me as a mysterious being—some have
shunned me—others, and you among the
number, I trust, have dared to love. Is it
not so, dear Ellen?"

The young wife twined her arms about
her husband's neck; her eyes, which
swam in tenderness, told a tale of the ho-
liest affection. She remembered that the
blood upon his hands was excused by the
sin that had provoked its shedding, and
woman's natural horror of the destruction
of life was overcome.

"Then we can live contented and hap-
py!" said the huntsman, clasping her to
his bosom. And they have done so. Hard,
however, was the early life of him, who,
because the law would not punish the lib-
ertine, was induced, by society, to handle
the weapons of the so-called 'man of ho-
nor.'

THE MAN WHO RODE
THE GOAT.

BY JOHN W. OLIVER.

In a quiet village in the sober
State of Connecticut, flourish-
ed a flourishing Division of the
Sons of Temperance. Much
has been said about its mysteri-
ous mystery, and many a quiz-
ical story has been told in re-
lation to the antics of a certain
goat, said to be connected there-
with.

It is said that in this quiet vil-
lage resides, among others, a
cute Yankee, of a remarkably
ingenious and curious turn of
mind, who for his resemblance
to the Pry family, we shall name
Paul. Now Paul took it into
his busy noddle to "enter the
gates of our Order" without
riding the goat. He therefore
"looked around among man-
kind" for a green Son of Tem-
perance—and having fixed his
mind upon a victim, he started
in pursuit and found his man.

After exercising his pumping
ingenuity in a manner 'too te-
dious to mention,' he found him-
self on the road home tickled
to pieces with the idea of being
in full possession of that myste-
rious word which would unlock
the Division door, and put him
in possession of 'open sesame.'

In the meantime, Paul's de-
sign was communicated to a few
waggish spirits of the Division,
and appropriate arrangements
made for his reception.
Meeting night came, and
when the brothers had pretty
generally assembled, the O. S.
heard a strange noise at the door,
like unto the bleating of a cer-
tain animal familiarly called
Bill. The O. S., true to his in-
structions, opened the door a-
jar.

"Bah!" said Paul.

"Bah! Bah! Bah!" returned

the O. S., and open flew the
door.

Paul walked in, looking very
knowingly the while, and took
a seat among the initiated. The
sham business proceeded for a
while, as though nothing had
happened.

"Worthy Patriarch," at length
said a member, in a solemn and
impressive manner, "the one
who last entered, having neg-
lected to turn the usual somer-
set and light upon his big toe—
it is very evident to my mind
that he has not been initiated. I
therefore move that we proceed
to put him through."

"Second the motion!" shouted
a dozen.

"I guess I'd better retire," said
Paul, rising, and evidently un-
easy—"I guess there must be
some mistake." And he went

for to go. But they wouldn't
let him.

"Any who gets in here, must
go through," said a blacksmith
who stood six feet without his
boots. "So just be quiet till we
get the goat ready."

The door was fastened and
all hope of escape was cut off.
Paul trembled. The blacksmith
aforesaid opened a closet, and
pulled out a sack. Paul turned
white.

"Prepare the victim," said the
Worthy Patriarch.

Paul sprang to his feet, and
begged for mercy—"but no mer-
cy there was known. He was
hustled into the sack, in spite
of all the kicking resistance he
could make. The goat happen-
ed to be out of sorts that night,
and an old wheelbarrow was
substituted. Paul was trundled
around the room—first back-
wards, and then forwards—over
sticks of wood, down stairs and
up stairs.

"Bah!" said the blacksmith,
stopping to blow.

"Please let me out," pleaded
Paul.

"Can't yet," returned the
blacksmith. Ain't reached the
Falls of Niagara—must put you
through the shower bath! Paul
wiped away the perspiration.

Creak, creak, went the old
wheelbarrow round the room
again. At Paul's earnest solici-
tation, the shower bath was o-
mitted. He declared it would
give him a cold.

Having been otherwise 'put
through,' Paul was liberated—a
terrified man. He started for a
lawyer for vengeance. But the
lawyer told him he had better
say nothing about it—and he fi-
nally concluded not to.

It so happened that where
Paul worked, a number of girls
were employed. One day Paul
entered the 'ladies department'
That day an Irish girl had been
admitted to the establishment,
and the mischievous imps had
wrapped her up in a piece of
canvass, and were wheeling her
about the room.

"What are you doing?" asked
Paul.

"Biddy's riding the goat,"
archly said the ringleader. Paul
bolted.

"The man who rode the goat,"
is well known in the village—
and is pointed out by the little
boys. We rather think the
next time Paul wants to enter
a 'secret society,' he will go in
the front way.

The Great Leveller.—One day
some weeks ago, we see it stat-
ed, there was taken to the Tombs
in New York, while in a state
of beastly intoxication, a law-
yer who had been somewhat dis-
tinguished in his profession—a
historian, the author of a stan-
dard work—an editor, once tal-
ented, and of great respectabil-
ity—and lastly, a clergyman, a
man of refined manners & high-
ly educated. The lawyer was
let off the next morning on prom-
ise of better behavior; the
historian succeeded in getting
his liberty to get drunk again
the following morning; the edi-
tor was sent to the almshouse;
and the clergyman at our last in-
formation, still remaining in du-
rance. What an example this
of the leveling down power of
strong drink! Truly it "spares
not the high nor the humble."
—Organ.